Inconvenient Therapy

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Inconvenient Therapy

by LazarusRex

Summary

William Verger, the unwilling omega bride of Mason Verger attempted to kill his husband. This leads to Will being forced into unconditional therapy with Doctor Hannibal Lecter, an alpha psychiatrist who wants nothing less than to help Will manage through his marriage and to resolve his personal dilemma.

Notes

Hii this is my 1st fic on ao3 and my 1st Hannigram fic so I hope it'll turn out good lol

I'll try to post regularly but my posting schedule will get better once exams are finished!! I'll also try to make each chapter longer than the last

Pls enjoy the fic!!

Here is also the Hannigram playlist I listen to while writing
https://youtube.com/playlist?list=PLAmP9LusLny3m55YEKnRT1VX1xchcFhxI&si=H0uynuKnbIjqzQaA

La petite mort

Hannibal's POV (with a little Will's description)

"Tell me about your mother Will"

"That's some lazy psychiatry, Doctor. Lecter. Low hanging fruit." Will's palms rubbed along the sides of the leather seat, wearing down the materiel as he refused to look the doctor in the eyes, instead focusing on his lips, watching the way they contorted around each word. Will had already noted Hannibal's appearance when he first walked into the room. Lecter's eyes were a shade of maroon, and they reflected the light in pinpoints of red. Hannibal Lecter was a very put-together man. Will detected he typically wore suits, and he wore them well. Most men who wear suits have an element of the schoolboy stuffed into a uniform about them, however Doctor Lecter's suits were made for him, and he for them. Much like his clothes, Doctor Lecter's demeanour was refined. He walked with the smooth gait of a man wearing pointe shoes, while wearing dress shoes. He was eloquent, courteous, beautifully opinionated. Will also took notice that Doctor Lecter was a tall man, though never domineering. He could tell he was going grey, his hair cut attractively, though not very fashionably. He was one of those rare people whose combination of unusual features added up to something beyond physical beauty.

"I suspect that fruit is on a high branch, very difficult to reach." A fracture of a smile, if that's what you want to call it appeared on Hannibal's face, but vanished as swiftly as it appeared.

"So's my mother.. Never knew her."

"An interesting place to start."

"Tell me about your mother. Let's start there hm? Quid pro quo."

At the enjoyment of Will's use of the Latin phrase, Hannibal nodded, just once before speaking, "Both my parents died when I was very young, before I presented. The proverbial orphan until I was adopted by my Uncle Robertas when I was 16."

Will hummed almost silently before standing, wandering around the room, skimming his fingertips over the spines of each book which coated the walls surrounding the two. "You have orphan in common with me."

"I think you'll find we have more than orphan in common William." Hannibal's eyes watched every move made by Will, searching the way his lean body contorted to turn and briefly make eye contact before resuming his exploration of the office. "We both know my childhood isn't why I'm here today Doctor. Lecter. We may as well get to the point of these sessions." The final word spat out, showing the distaste for being here. Once Will had finished his circulation of the room he took his place back onto the leather seat, placing his hands on the arm rests as he did when he first entered the room. "I know I'm only here because my dear husband couldn't stand the embarrassment of admitting I almost choked him out to the public." Will's hand shifted, covering his mouth as his eyes wandered away from

the Doctor. Hannibal saw the grin that peeked through his slender fingers. Imagining those hands, wrapped around some other alpha's throat had gotten Hannibal pondering what it'd feel like to be overpowered by such a dainty little thing. Will was more muscular than average for an omega, however that didn't explain the power it'd take to almost kill an alpha. The vision of laying on the ground, being pinned by his patient, feeling the life being sucked out of him as he'd stay still, allowing this wondrous creature to take full control.

It excited Hannibal. More than he could handle.

"Your attack on your husband was apparently unprompted. Tell me Will, why did you attempt to kill Mason Verger." Those piercing blue eyes finally looked up, ingraining themselves in Hannibal's memory.

"I couldn't stand it anymore. He had found out about the… The suppressors I had been taking. The only reason he married me was because he wanted an heir. I can't let a child be around him, the fact I'm connected to him makes me sick to my stomach already." The frantic, almost pleading look in Will's eye made Hannibal think, this supposed 'alpha' must be atrocious, to only marry for children was common in his circles, however to disregard a spouse's wants and concerns was certainly rude. Hannibal had heard rumours of what happens at Verger's slaughterhouse, ones which had so far never been proved, but he never thought it'd cause Verger's spouse to refuse giving him children. Hannibal felt a sense of pride overcome him, Will was willing to risk harm to himself to protect an unborn child. He would kill for a non-existent child.

"You were taking suppressors without his knowledge?" The Doctor continued their prolonged stare, until Will finally looked back to Hannibal's lips. A common sign of trauma, or perhaps it was due to the uncomfortable nature of their conversation.

"A friend of mine, Alana, she was able to get the prescription for me, I had to hide it from Mason and so by having her recieve it instead of me it wouldn't show on our physician's chart when we'd see why I wouldn't get.. Pregnant."

If Hannibal's attention wasn't grabbed then, now it was. Alana Bloom, his notorious ex-fiancee was a close friend of Will's. Although him and Alana ended on neutral terms, they still remained colleagues, closing working together on various patients and suggesting treatment methods for each other's patients. "I'm aware of Alana, she is my associate, however I didn't expect her to partake in such a risky act of defiance. I assume Mason had found that it was her smuggling the prescription to you?"

"You better believe it Doc, he was ready to throw her to the pigs, if not her then me at least. That was until Margot pleaded with him, she begged and begged not to kill the woman she loved.. Now I have no way of stopping it, it'll happen eventually. I've been cut-off from my only safety." Will's voice hicked, although he remained calm on the outside, his broken shell of a person was apparent to Hannibal, the stench of despair surrounded Will, as he had lost all hope. That's what Will would want the good doctor to think, however his disguise wasn't as good as Hannibal's, it wasn't as maintained and hadn't been there for as long as Hannibal's person suit had been. He could see right through Will's act of a defenseless, hopeless poor omega. William's head turned before he swiftly got up from the seat revealing his bond mark for a fracture of a second which was branded high on Will's nape, open for almost everyone

to see that he was in fact owned. Owned by a filthy pig no less. Hannibal then had the sudden urge to sink his canines into Will's throat, rip out the mark to replace it with his own bond, to lick the blood clean from the wound and bandage it himself. "I'm sorry, Doctor Lecter, I should go. Mason will be wanting me home, it's almost curfew you see I-.."

"No need to apologise, however I do suggest you wait there for a moment." Hannibal interrupted, walking to a wooden cupboard which had a glass cover. He opened it, taking a second to glance around the cramped, yet organised space and grabbed a small orange bottle which had a white safety lid. Will watched from over Hannibal's shoulder, his brows knotted tightly as Hannibal made his way over. Hannibal gestured for Will's hand, and once it was out-stretched he placed the small bottle inside his palm, cupping his dainty hand with both of his own. "Keep yourself safe until next time Will." Hannibal placed a smile on his face, taking the opportunity of this closeness to take a whiff of Will's scent and to memorise the feeling of his soft yet somehow rugged hands.

"Doctor Le-.."

"I believe you could call me Hannibal, Dear Will, it would only be right between two friends."

Will's face flushed, the surprised? No.. The astonished look on his face caused Hannibal to smile, a small polite smile. "Hannibal I-.. This isn't right, Mason must be-.. He.. Why?"

"I want to help you Will. I believe this is the best way for to aid you in your recovery."

They remained in silence for a moment, the tension between the two could cut like a knife. It wasn't until Hannibal slid his hand's away from Will's that the younger man finally looked up to Hannibal, eyes searching for something, anything to arouse suspicion. Hannibal still only had a polite smile which allowed his true nature to remain hidden for just a moment longer, all he needed was to hide for a moment longer from those knowing eyes. Will thought that Hannibal's lips were a standing ovation of sorts. Would he sing Will's praises or dismiss him forever? But his eyes were most prominent now. His eyes were something else, there was something which Will couldn't exactly pinpoint, it was shielded behind a face of neutral emotion. Will battered his eyelashes whilst still staring up at him, "You wouldn't lie to me would you.. Hannibal?".

"There is nothing to lie about William. As your psychiatrist, I believe that by allowing you to retain your dignity is one of the best ways to gain control over your life."

"And what would be the best way to control my life Doctor?" Will took a small step closer, more of a shuffle really, almost touching. Neither moved, still remaining only inches apart from each other, allowing their scents to mix and entangle, to dance a macabre dance, la petite mort. Will waited in suspense for Hannibal's answer, which he was about to get as Hannibal began to open his mouth to speak. Until the silence was broken by Will's phone ringing, a blasting ring piercing the deathly silence .

"Shit.. I need to go. Thank you, so much. I-.. I'll be back next week for our session, bye doct-.. Hannibal.!" Will managed to blurt out the quick sentence before practically running out the door, before it closed he heard the murmur of a greeting between Will and his

supposed husband. Such a rude, cunning boy, using his apparent innocent behaviour to mask his true desire. His true nature. It wouldn't take too much to aid William into discovering who he truly was, and what he could accomplish.

It wasn't until Hannibal looked down to the leather chair where Will was previously sat, and noticed a coat. Will was in such a rush he had forgotten it. Hannibal strode over, picking up the brown Carhartt brand jacket and inspecting it. Most omega's shrouded themselves in revealing, tight clothing, however Will Verger was no normal omega. He liked the outdoors, the rich scent of forest and rivers told Hannibal all of Will's interest and passions. This boy was meant to roam, not be confined to some polished marbled house. Hannibal had now sat in his chair at the desk, Will was his last appointment and he'd typically be noting the experience of the session in a book now. But today was different, Will was different than his other patients. While Hannibal found omegas to be pathetic he couldn't resist the alluring nature of this new creature which had wandered into his life. The coat in his hands rose to his nose, as Hannibal inhaled the scent of the man who had just been inches away, fondly remembering the feeling of their hands touching as he passed the bottle of suppressants to him, remembering the distrusting look in Will's eyes when the interaction occurred. It made a shiver run down Hannibal's spine, almost decloaking his person suit which he had maintained for so long.

William Verger was his most interesting patient yet.

Āmadan

Chapter Notes

> Heyyy I got chapter 2 finished earlier than expected have fun with mason!!
> I'm planning on Will and Hannibal's relationship evolving quickly in order for the main story to get started but it may take a few chapters to get to the good stuff ;))
> ANYWAYS pls enjoy!!

Will’s pov

The gravel of the driveway rumbled under the weight of the car, popping and scratching the underneath of the black Mercedes , this drive seemed to get longer and longer with each journey to and back to the Verger mansion, over the past 10 years he’d managed to memorise every tree and slither of grass. Will wasn't allowed to drive, dear Mason believed that Omegas weren't able to function behind the wheel, something about their biology not being as advanced and therefore meaning they were more accident prone. Will and his personal driver were separated through a black-tinted window with small puncture holes which allowed voices to pass through, this allowed little contact between the two, however this didn't stop Will and Matthew from conversing with eachother. Matthew was an alpha, he had made that obvious with his long explanation during their rides together of how he was a late presenter, how he never had a strong pheramone scent and how he had never been with an omega.. That last part had been very unwanted and uncomfortable, but Will appreciated the talkative alpha, it made him feel slightly more comfortable on their drives together, it felt nice to talk to someone aside from his ‘alpha’, and it gave Will hope that not all alphas were selfish assholes only looking for a quick fuck.

It made him forget the personal hell he was being taken to.

“You good Will?” Matthew said, rather loudly, he must've been asking it for a while, he should be used to Will’s spacing out at this point.

“Yeah Matthew, I'm fine.” Will hummed, placing his elbow on the window and resting his chin in his hand.

“How's that new therapist? I heard he's some big shot according to Mr.Verger.” Matthew's cheery tone never changed, he was always good at that, pretending for Will’s sake. Will didn't let him know that he knew of Matthew's little crush on him, it was expected after that ‘never been with an omega’ confession. Mason must not think Matthew is much of a threat though, if he did then he never would've allowed Matthew to interact with Will every day.

“He's alright, very.. Pretentious? I didn't think he'd be any help but I think this'll work out.” Will smiled to himself, pawing at the small capsule in his pocket. “I think he's good for me.”

Those were his last words before the car came to a sudden stop and the door was unexpectedly opened, greeting Will to his darling husband.

“Will! Gorgeous, love of my life.” Mason exclaimed whilst pulling Will out by his arm and closing the door, linking their arms together as he walked him into the house, leaving Will stumbling trying to keep with his pace. “Mason I-..”

“Sweetums, shhh.” Mason placed a finger to Will’s lips whilst hushing him, “You know what we discussed about the appointments.” He said in a sing-song voice. “You can't be fucking late.” The shift in tone, in attitude was exaggerated when Mason's finger at Will’s lips clasped around his throat, just under his jaw. Mason's scowl grew, clutching at Will's neck with both hands now, not strong enough to choke him but not weak enough to let air fully though his windpipe.

“I-It was only.. twenty minutes- traffic was..” Will stuttered, the grasping hands leaving him shaken. He stared into Mason’s eyes, how could he appease him? “Please.. Honey, I'm sorry.”

“That's better.! But if this happens again you know what'll happen, right Willy?” Mason gave Will a kiss, a long, sloppy kiss before letting go of his throat; leaving Will coughing and rubbing the reddened area. He didn't dare look at him, his eyes were glossy but he never allowed himself to cry, he'd never allow Mason to see that. One glance of the house told Will everything, an expensive bust of a figure was broken on the floor, displaced from it's usual spot on a mantle. Mason's hair was bushy and his clothes were displaced. He had obviously been in a state of panic once he realised Will wasn't home before he was, breaking things and going into one of his little hissy fits. “Oh Will.” Mason slowly reached his hand out, popping Will's top two buttons, “You know better than to hide our bond, it's the only way I can be with you when your at your silly little appointments.” A hand cupped Will's jaw, forcing him to look at the man. “How was he? Was he good? Did he treat you?”

Will forced out a smile, “It went well. He told me that he can fix me, he said he'd be able to find a solution to fix this marriage..” He went to pull away but was grabbed by his face, a thumb and finged digging into his cheeks, piercing the flesh. “I can smell him on you, all over you. It's fucking disgusting I must admit, take a shower. Get his scent off of you.”

With that Will took the opportunity to flee, going to the bathroom of the guest room, it was the only place with a lock in this dammed house. The sound of the shower turning on allowed Will to block out the sounds of Mason's fury which had shifted to the various help around the house, he couldn't help but imagine what could happend if he was late again, what would happen to the people around him. Will undressed, being careful to avoid the various bruises on his thighs, back and neck which all shifted through different hues of purples, blacks and yellows. The mere sight of them in the mirror made him gag, they were hideous, his body was maintained to be hairless as Mason liked it, this allowed the marks to be more and more visible in contrast to his pasty white skin. He stepped into the shower, allowing the water to overcome him, showering all of his pain away. This was his safeplace, the only room he was allowed to have away from the world. Tears streamed down his face, mixing with the boiling water of the overhead shower, washing away the scent of Hannibal.

Hannibal Lecter, his suspicious saviour. His rich scent had still remained in Will's nose, he smelled like fine aged wine and various herbs, his scent surrounding Will comforted him

somehow, it made him feel safe. It was different to the way Masons pheramones confined him, they didn't made him feel stuck in a place, freezing at the very smell of them, instead they made him feel like he was floating in the air, completely free. Total tranquility. To be washing away such a comfortable feeling made Will's tears flood out, his legs gave out on him as he slid slowly to the floor, scratching at his sore skin, practically tearing his flesh apart. “I'm sorry, I'm sorry..” Will silently wailed to himself. He wasn't exactly sure who he was apologising to.. Perhaps Masons, maybe himself.

Maybe he was apologising to Hannibal.

Once the shower ended Will was wrapped up in a towel and his disguise once again, he had taken his suppressants out of his pocket and opened them, inspecting the small white pills, they looked the same as the ones from Alana.. It'd be better to trust Hannibal than to risk being at mercy to Mason, even if they were fake it'd give him at least some hope of freedom. Will popped the pill into his mouth, dry swallowing it. The taste was oddly sweet, almost as if it was sugar, it was also harder to swallow, despite the same size as the original, perhaps becahse he hadn't been allowed any medication for so long.

He stared up into the mirror, glaring at his reflection, taking in all of the scars and marks on his body. Mason did this to him, Mason made him look like this.

He was fucking disgusting.

Will knocked on Hannibal’s office door. It had been a whole week since their last meeting, and he was much less reluctant to come as Matthew noted he was more ‘joyfull’ which was an understatement. This was the only opportunity he had to get out of the house, to get away from the pristine white walls which surrounded him everyday. Will was met with a pleasant smile from Hannibal once the door was opened.

“Doctor Lecter.”

“Will.”

They greeted eachother as Will walked inside with Hannibal following behind. “I told you to use my forename Will, as I do with you.”

“Ah yes, sorry. It's hard to remember when referring to you as ‘Doc’ to Mason.” Will hummed, turning to face the older man. Looking at his appearance made Will think, how old was Hannibal? He must be in his late forties based on his greying hair, and his face, Will would predict he was around 48 or so.

“I believe you left this behind at our last session, taken by your.. Impromptu phone call.” Hannibal had grabbed Will's coat from the rack, handing it out to him.

“I'm sorry about that, I expect you know how Mason is.. A typical alpha I guess.” Will's hands brushed against Hannibal’s, his body almost going limp at the sensation of contact with this man. “Not that you're.. I didn't mean to-”

“It's okay, I understand what you mean. Most alphas are infact like that, intolerable and they believe they are entitled to whatever their hearts desire. I assume that's how you feel into your marriage.” Hannibal sat at the chair, somehow both of the seats were closer together.. That may just have been Will's imagination, it had been a week since he was here and he didn't spend much time in the chair.

“How'd you guess? Yeah, he took one look at pretty little Will Graham and bought me like that.” Will snapped his fingers whilst sitting down, relaxing back into the chair and placing the coat into his lap. “My father didn't even second guess his choice once he realised how much money it was.”

Hannibal nodded, it must be pretty rare to find couples of his status who weren't bought one way or another. “How old were you at the time?”

“Pft,18. As soon as I could get married I was. I did run away though, just before he bonded me. Obviously that didn't work out, I got this one ‘cause of that.” Will lifted his shirt to expose a faded scar, “Fucker whipped me once I got caught.”

Hannibal's eyes didn't wander from the exposed, abused skin. What he'd give to be able to run his hands over Will's body, to experience each and every one of his scars and kiss them until they were no more. Hannibal also noted the lack of body hair, the whip mark was dangerously low on his navel, where the shadow of a happy trail was. Most alphas enjoy their omegas shaven, but he'd relish in the feeling of every part of William’s body.

Will saw the prying eyes of Hannibal Lecter, and so he gave him the enjoyment of leaving his shirt untucked, leaving his body still slightly exposed. His attraction to this man was undeniable, if an alpha looked at his body he'd feel shame and disgust, he'd think they were hungry wolves desperate for the scraps of another man. Hannibal Lecter was different, he was no man not wolf. He felt enthralled by his gaze alone, it made him weak to be in the same room as him. This attraction wasn't just physical, it was something new.

“Does he usually abuse you in ways which will leave a scar?” Hannibal's legs crossed, still continuing to only have a rather neutral expression, not allowing too much remorse to shine through. Although he did feel pain for Will, he couldn't feel remorse, he could tell that Will would take it was pity, and he emotionally wasn't able to express it.

“Yeah, I'd show you all of them but.. That's a bit unprofessional.” Will nervously rubbed his thighs, most of the wounds were on his lower body or back, sensitive areas where Will had to endure the most pain.

“Maybe one day William.” A smile, a genuine smile flashed on Hannibal's face, just as it did a week ago. This sudden.. Flirtation? Was his therapist flirting with him? It made Will's cheeks glow red, he was flattered, and excited. This was so different to his life at home that he couldn't help but reciprocate, “Hopefully that day will come soon.”

Komen

Will's POV
The door downstairs slammed shut abruptly, various footsteps were heard. One pair was Mason's, Will was sure of that, those light taps of a quick pace which he was far too familiar with remained downstairs and the sound was lost once he went to the carpeted living room. Mason's steps were followed by one.. No, two pairs of heels. It was Margot and Alana. Will slid out of the chair which he had been slumped in and placed his book to the tableside. His footsteps were silent and predator-like as he snuck down the marble staircase, peeking around the doorway arch to see Mason sitting in a pure white cotton chair, whilst Margot and Alana sat together on a long leather couch which curved around the seating area.
"Well it's an issue, Will needs ano-.."
Alana was abruptly interrupted by Mason, who grinned once he saw Will.
"Will! Dear, we were just talking about you." Mason held a hand out and Will hesitated before stalking over to him, accepting his open palm into his own. Mason stared for a moment before dragging him down onto his lap, making Will uncomfortably close to him and forcing him to inhale the alpha's pheromones. They were sickening.
"What were you talking about..?" Will only spared Mason a glance before turning his gaze to Margot and Alana. He envied their love, they were what Will wished he had.
"How you apparently need an omega buddy around. Hormone shit or something." Mason almost grumbled the last part, obviously this was a ploy for Will and Alana to be able to talk, but Mason already didn't trust Alana after the incident with the suppressants.
"It's only because your hormones are imbalanced, and being around another omega will help your body revert to its natural state." Alana chimed in, which Mason was visually irked by, he always got like that when omega's talked when not spoken to.
"It'd be easier to have Alana around, we're family. Will already knows and trusts her." Margot's arm placed comfortably around her omega's shoulder. The word 'family' had left a sour taste in her mouth, Mason was anything but family to all of them.
Will glanced up, careful not to move his head, only his eyes to face Mason. He was contemplating, he didn't trust Alana or Will of course, but if this was a quicker way to get Will's natural omegan state back to normal.. "All right. But, I need Alana to be searched every time she steps foot in this household, top to bottom."
Alana and Margot began to complain about the arrangement, however Will quickly spoke, "That's perfect." He battered his eyelashes whilst staring up at Mason, "We're allowed to start today.. Right?" It took a millisecond for Mason to wave off the two of them, he'd allow the omega's to have their little 'playdate' for a short time before telling Margot and Alana to go, it was Will's therapy session today, and he wouldn't skip therapy for anything.
Will and Alana quickly rushed away, leaving the alphas to converse. Mason must have forgotten his rule already, as he didn't mention Alana being searched. They reached the upstairs lounge and sat, facing away from the security camera, thankfully it had no audio.
"Will, I'm sorry, I don't have them. I didn't think he'd allow us to be alone today. I didn't prepare, I-.."
"Alana. It's okay, I've got some already." Will grinned, a genuine smile which Alana hadn't seen in.. Ever.
"What do you mean? How did you.. You're not on that street stuff again right? You know

that’s dangerous.” Alana held Will’s hands in her own. The feel of someone of the same second gender soothed Will, it was in their nature to group together, they were prey deep down afterall.
“No no, nothing like that. I have this therapist, he’s.. Amazing, he got me suppressants and isn’t putting it on my chart so Mason can’t see. I don’t know why but Hannibal’s just.. Different from other alphas.” Will looked down as he spoke in a hushed tone, almost embarrassed he was saying this. But it was true, Hannibal was the most comforting, handsome, brilliant alpha he’d met.
“Hannibal?”
“Yeah. He’s not trying to fix me for Mason’s sake, he’s actually listening and tryi.. What’s wrong?” Will’s smile faded into a confused frown as his brows knitted together once he noticed Alana’s concerned expression. “Do you know him?”
“Ah, uhm.. Well, remember when I told you I was engaged to someone before I met Margot? That someone was Hannibal Lecter.”
Will began to nervously fiddle with Alana’s fingers before pulling away, letting out a slight hum, “So.. You dated?”
“Mhm.. But stop talking about that. You’re close enough to him to use his first name and close enough for him to slip you drugs?” Alana faced Will more, careful to hide her mouth from the camera which was secured into the corner of the room.
Will’s frown deepened for a second before allowing the subject to be changed. He didn’t like that Alana wanted to avoid talking about her past relationship with Hannibal, especially after Will expressed his feelings about him. “He asked me to use his first name.. And after our first session he gave them to me. They’re real too, I haven’t had a heat or been weaker to pheromones in about six weeks or so?” What was her relationship like with the doctor? Were they happy? Was it out of necessity? Were they in love? What was Hannibal like in that context? Stop. He had to stop thinking about this, although he and Hannibal had been ‘flirting’ from time to time during their sessions it wasn’t much, only slight touches and glances, and maybe the occasional innuendo.
Alana took a deep breath before raising the delicate subject, “Hannibal’s good, but I wouldn’t get too close to him Will. He’s still a colleague of mine and I.. I can tell how you feel about him but starting a relationship with him is dangerous. You’d ruin his reputation by being his patient and lover. Not to mention the bigger issue, Mason.” Alana had a desperate look in her eye. No, not desperation. Pity. She was pitying him of all people? He’s already in Hell and Hannibal is his only saviour at the moment, Alana wouldn’t ruin this for him.
Will's eyes widened in surprise, a mixture of shock flickering across his face. He shifted uncomfortably in his seat before finally answering, his voice barely above a whisper, “Alana, I’m not going to start an affair with him. I know the consequences, and if I get found out I think.. I think he’ll kill me.” He had a prying feeling that someone was listening. This anxiety killed him, always having to listen for others who intruded in on his conversations. Alana studied his expression carefully, noting the sincerity in his words. The fear in Will’s eyes seemed to convince Alana.
"But what about your feelings for Hannibal, Will? Are you sure you can resist the temptation?" Will's gaze shifted to the floor, staying silent, “Remember, you can always talk to me if you're struggling. You're not alone in this.”
Will glanced at the clock in frustration as he realised his appointment with Hannibal was approaching. He needed her out of the house immediately, she had already annoyed him by avoiding the fact she had dated Hannibal. Looking towards her, he masked his irritation with a forced smile. "Alana, I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave now." Will said, his

tone carefully neutral. Alana raised an eyebrow, sensing his hidden anger.
"But why, Will? What's the rush all of a sudden?"
Will hesitated, not wanting to reveal the truth about her behaviour. "It's just...it's better for you to go now. Trust me."
Alana narrowed her eyes, suspicious of his vague explanation. "Is there something you're not telling me, Will? Why the urgency?"
Will's facade cracked for a moment, a flicker of annoyance crossing his features. Quickly regaining his composure, he replied, "No, no, everything's fine. I just remembered some important errands I need to run." Alana studied him intently, but eventually relented, standing up to leave. “If that’s what you want.”
Will and Alana strode downstairs, Alana much further ahead of Will. “Dear? We have to go, Will has an errand he needs to run.” Margot nodded slightly at her wife, giving her a smile. “Well Mason, I’ll see you soon.” Margot placed her empty wine glass on the coffee table, intentionally leaving it beside the coaster. The two lovers left, arms linked. Will decided to wait until the door shut to speak.
Will nervously approached Mason, his heart pounded with fear and anticipation. “I need to go to the appointment..” He began, carefully choosing his words. Mason raised an eyebrow, his menacing gaze fixed on Will. Will knew that he had to tread carefully. Mason's expression darkened, suspicion creeping into his eyes. "Why all of a sudden? What's so important about this particular session? I did allow you to have your little play date with Alana, I’m sure that sufficed for you.. Therapy." Mason demanded, his voice low and threatening. “Who knows, I might cancel the shit with the good doctor if being around omegas would help you. Way cheaper too.. Then I could keep a real eye on you.” Will hesitated, his mind racing. Margot had somehow pissed off Mason and now he was getting the brutality of it. Mason's icy stare bore into Will, sending a shiver down his spine. After a tense silence, Mason finally relented, grunting in approval, “Fine, go.” Will let out a silent sigh of relief
This small victory brought relief, as Will prepared to leave for his therapy session, his heart heavy with joy.

Will sat across from Hannibal, his gaze piercing and unwavering. His heart raced as he prepared to confront his therapist about the truth he had uncovered. "Did you and Alana ever share more than a professional relationship?" Will's voice was steady but filled with underlying intensity. Hannibal met Will's gaze without breaking eye contact.
"Ah, you've discovered our past relationship," He stated calmly, a hint of satisfaction in his tone.
"Why didn't you tell me about your past with Alana?" Will's voice grew more assertive, a mixture of hurt and anger bubbling beneath the surface. Hannibal maintained his composure, his expression unreadable.
"I did not see it as relevant to our sessions, Will. You are my patient, not a.. Confidant of my personal life. And perhaps I simply enjoyed keeping a few secrets to myself." The air between them grew thick with tension as Will processed Hannibal's response. After a moment of silence, Will spoke again, his tone softer but still resolute.
"I need to understand aspects of your past, Hannibal. To trust you fully." Will stood strolling to the books, tracing his fingers along the spines of them before reaching a ladder and turning to face Hannibal.
Hannibal nodded, a subtle flicker of respect in his eyes. "I understand, Will. I will try to be

more forthcoming in the future. However, some details of my life will remain untouched to keep our.. Professional relationship."
In the dimly lit room, Will fixed his gaze squarely on Hannibal. "So, about you and Alana... care to explain that? In detail please."
Hannibal's usually calm facade faltered slightly. “What me and Alana had was due to neither of us having a mate. We did care for eachother, however I’d admit her feelings were stronger than my own towards her. As you should now know, we have a co-worker relationship.” Hannibal hummed before adding, “But rest assured, Will, you hold a different place in my heart.”
The tension between them crackled as they stood facing each other, Will had barely noticed that Hannibal had moved from the chair and was now facing in front of the younger man, the unspoken feelings hanging heavy in the air. Will took a step closer, his voice barely a whisper. "Perhaps I'd like to explore that place a little more."
Hannibal's gaze softened, his lips curling into a smile as their eyes met. The flickering light of the fire casted dancing shadows across their intense gazes. Will's heart skipped as he felt Hannibal's hand reach out to gently caress his cheek, a silent invitation hanging in the air. Their eyes locked, conveying a wealth of unspoken emotions that had been building for so long. With a breath catching in his throat, Will closed the distance between them, his lips trembling as they brushed against Hannibal's in a soft, tentative caress. The kiss deepened, a slow and passionate exploration of unspoken desires and hidden truths. Time seemed to stand still as they lost themselves in each other, each touch sending shivers down their spines. Hannibal's hands slid around Will's waist, pulling him closer as their kiss grew more fervent, a fire igniting between them that had been smouldering for far too long. As they finally pulled away, their breaths mingling in the hushed room, Will met Hannibal's gaze once more, his heart pounding with the knowledge that this was just the beginning of a love that would consume them both. “I know you’ve been holding back, Will,” Hannibal murmured in a low, velvety tone. “But there’s no need to resist any longer.” Will’s resolve crumbled as he closed the distance between them once again, his heart racing in his chest more than ever. With a mixture of fear and longing, he pressed his lips against Hannibal’s again and again and again. The embrace was passionate, intense, as if they had been waiting for this moment their whole lives. Hands tangled in hair, bodies pressed closely together, they surrendered to the overwhelming emotion that consumed them. As they finally pulled away, panting for breath, Will found himself lost in Hannibal’s eyes, their connection stronger and more profound than ever before. The unspoken words hung heavy in the air, binding them together in a dance of desire and torment, their fates intertwined in ways neither could deny. Their bodies were drawn together in a primal dance of desire and restraint. Hannibal's touch was both gentle and possessive, his hands tracing the contours of Will's face as if sculpting his very soul. As they kissed, a subtle shift occurred, a faint change in the air that Will could not quite place. Hannibal's eyes held a knowing glint as he released pheromones, a potent cocktail designed to soothe and relax his companion. Will's mind swirled with a heady mix of lust and trepidation, his walls crumbling under the weight of Hannibal's intoxicating presence. His body responded instinctively to the pheromones, a warmth spreading through him like a gentle wave lapping at the shore. "Relax, Will," Hannibal murmured, his voice a soothing balm to the storm raging within Will's heart. "Let go of your fears and doubts. Trust in me." As the pheromones took hold, Will felt a sense of peace wash over him, his mind clearing as he surrendered to the undeniable pull of their forbidden connection. In that moment, boundaries blurred, and the line between therapist and lover faded into obscurity.
They both reluctantly pulled away, resisting the urge to pounce and rip each other apart.

“This isn’t very professional Hannibal.” Will hummed a single hand remained placed on Hannibal’s chest, brushing down the wrinkles made from their contact.
“No, it is not my dear Will.” The rich Lithuanian accent made Will’s knees weak, the way his name rolled off his tongue as if it was a sweet treat made Will swoon.
Will and Hannibal sat facing each other, just as they had started the session, a palpable suspension hanging between them. They had crossed a line with their first kiss, which had just occurred a few moments ago, a forbidden act. Will broke the silence first, his voice barely a whisper. "We can't continue like this, Hannibal. My feelings, they're not feelings a patient should have, hell it’s more than just friendship now."
Hannibal's eyes glittered in the low light, a predatory glint that sent warnings to Will’s mind. "You are married, Will. It complicates things."
Will clenched his fists, forcibly being torn between his bonded tie to his husband and his growing obsession with Hannibal. "I know. But these emotions... I know that they won't go away, I’m positive on that."
Hannibal leaned in closer, "Then we must decide what to do next. Deny ourselves, or embrace the inevitable."
A smile twitched at Will’s lips as he considered the dangerous path laid out before them. "What are you suggesting, Doctor?"
Hannibal's lips thinned into a knowing smile, a silent promise of more forbidden pleasures to come. "I'm suggesting we explore this further. Together."
Just as they were about to delve into the depths of their desires, the door swung open. Mason, Will's oh so doting husband, stood at the threshold with a look of fury on his face. Mason strode into the room, his eyes narrowing as he sensed the tension between the two. Will and Hannibal exchanged a quick, abrupt glance as Mason approached them, his presence disrupting the fragile bubble they had created. "What's going on here?" Mason's voice was sharp, as his gaze flickered from Will to Hannibal. Will tried to speak, but the words caught in his throat.
Hannibal, ever composed, adjusted his tie and replied smoothly, "Just a therapy session, Mason, as you pay for." Mason's eyes lingered on them suspiciously, a knot of unease tightening in his stomach. There was something different in the air, a charged energy that he couldn't quite put his finger on. Flashes of their shared moment replayed in Will’s mind, a puzzle he couldn't let Mason solve.
Hannibal rose to his feet, his expression unreadable as he addressed Will. "I believe our session has come to an end, Mr. Verger. It's time for you to go home."
Will's heart sank as he realised he had been late for his curfew, risking the wrath of Mason once again. "I'm sorry, Mason. I lost track of time," he stammered, a sense of fear washing over him.
Mason's eyes bore into Will's, his voice cold and calculating. "This is not over, Will. We will discuss this later." With those ominous words, Mason turned on his heel and left the room, leaving Will and Hannibal alone for just a moment before Will rushed after him, careful not to disobey him again.
Hannibal silently closed the door and strode to his desk, sitting there and pondering the last half an hour, silently repeating it in his mind over and over, taking in each and every detail of the passionate kiss. The way Will’s lips felt against his own, the way their bodies mingled together, the slight seeping of Will’s pheramones intruded into his nostrils.
It made Hannibal ecstatic.

Levitra

Chapter Notes

HEYYY sorry for the wait guys school as been suckyy! Longest chapter yet once again pls comment i love reading them <33

Will’s POV

Will laid in bed, his back to Mason and his naked body quivering underneath the sheets, each movement making his body feel as if it was on fire, his gaze rested on the blank wall in front of him. The night before was brutal, as his punishment for being late Will was forced to endure countless hours of tortuous intimacy. Each thrust and fuck hurt more than the last, each kiss made him feel sick, every touch made his skin itch. The lack of care, the harsh words, the physical pain – it all replayed in his mind like a bad movie on repeat. Mason's cold and abusive behaviour during their intimate moment still stung, leaving him feeling empty and violated. With each passing second, the weight of last night pressed down on him, suffocating any sense of peace or happiness that might have remained. The morning light filtering through the curtains offered no solace, only a reminder of the harsh reality he found himself in. As the minutes ticked by, Will's demeanour deepened, his thoughts consumed by the agony of the previous night. The pain of betrayal and mistreatment lingered, a heavy cloud over his every thought. But then, his thoughts drifted to Hannibal, his secret lover who treated him with kindness and respect. Will closed his eyes, allowing himself to imagine a morning with Hannibal instead. He pictured Hannibal's gentle touch, his soothing voice offering words of comfort. The contrast to Mason's harsh words and rough hands couldn't be starker. In this fantasy, Will felt safe and cared for, his heart beginning to heal from the wounds inflicted by Mason. Hannibal's loving gaze filled him with a sense of warmth and belonging that he had never experienced before. As Will opened his eyes, a faint smile played on his lips. The fantasy was a balm to his weary soul, a reminder that there was hope for a better future with Hannibal by his side. The memory of Hannibal's caress, his sensual kisses, and the way he made Will feel cherished and desired filled his mind. Will couldn't suppress the longing that stirred within him, a desire for the warmth and tenderness that only Hannibal seemed capable of providing. Omegas were naturally attracted to their bonded alpha’s pheromones, however it was quite the opposite for Will. He despised the stench of Mason which constantly permeated throughout their home, even his own clothes were lathered in it. All alphas smelled like that now once they released their pheromones, ever since the bond he hadn’t been able to smell another alpha without almost vomiting. Alphas had always wrought their usual wrong upon nature. Except for one.

Doctor Hannibal Lecter. He smelled like the sweet perfumes of Arabia covering a metallic undertone, the way his chemicals surrounded Will made him feel comforted, as if a heavy blanket were draped over his shoulders. Will thought back to the way their lips contorted around each other, how their hands traced over every part of their bodies, how Hannibal

looked at him. God he would kill to be looked at like that again, the predatory gaze filled with lust and love. As he studied Hannibal's composed expression whilst reliving the experience, a question nagged at him. What was so different about Hannibal, compared to all the other people he had encountered in his life? His calm demeanour, his insight... it was unlike anyone else he'd known. A sense of unease crept into his mind. Could it be possible that the man he had grown to confide in, to trust, harboured secrets darker than he could imagine? No, surely not.

Knock, knock, knocking was heard at the door downstairs. Will groaned quietly as he looked over his shoulder, Mason was asleep and the house help were all gone at this time on the weekend. He slumped out of bed, a slight limp carried him as he got dressed and placed on his glasses. He carefully tugged a shirt over his bruised and broken chest and back, delicately pulling up his trousers up and over his thighs which were littered with dark splotches of purples and blues. No need to tidy his hair, it was always a bit scruffy. Will rushed downstairs, he had already taken too long to answer and the continuous knocking may awaken Mason. Will opened the door and found Hannibal stood on the doorstep, his usual composed expression in place. Will went to speak but was interrupted by a booming voice,

"Doctor Lecter!"

"Good evening, Doctor" Will greeted him nonchalantly, hiding any hint of familiarity in his voice, he didn't expect for Mason to follow or to even be awake, he should've been faster.

"Good evening, William" Hannibal replied, his gaze shifting between Will and Mason, a flicker of curiosity in his eyes.

"What brings you here?" Mason asked, not trying to keep his tone light, his tone was in fact rather rude.

Hannibal's gaze lingered on them for a moment before he spoke, "I was in the neighbourhood and thought I'd drop by to say hello, I also have some business to discuss. May I come in?" Will hesitated for a moment, glancing at Mason, who gave a barely perceptible nod. "Of course," Mason said, stepping aside to let Hannibal in. As they settled in the living room, the tension between them palpable but carefully masked, Will and Hannibal exchanged subtle glances, silently agreeing to play their parts in this delicate charade of secrecy. The trio of them sat in the seating area , Will seated awkwardly beside Mason. Hannibal cleared his throat, breaking the silence. "I am here today to discuss a possible increase in the frequency of Will's therapy sessions," he began, his tone measured and calm. Mason was evidently not convinced on the matter. "Why does he need more sessions? He's been seeing you for two months already," he snapped, his eyes narrowing suspiciously at Will. He shifted nervously, avoiding eye contact with both men. "I believe it would be beneficial for my progress to have more frequent sessions," Will murmured quietly. It was a shock to Will that Hannibal came to the house to discuss this, he was shocked that Hannibal didn't even inform him of this in the first place and although Mason didn't like it when he stated his opinions this was his therapy, with his alpha.. No, what was Will thinking? Hannibal wasn't his alpha, he may have been his affair partner but not lover and certainly not his alpha.

"I don't believe it will help, I'm your alpha, I have full control over what you do and when you do it." Mason snapped at Will, his eyes narrowing.

Noticing that they weren't going to get this as easily as they believed Hannibal spoke, his voice steady yet urgent, implored, "Mason, Will needs this. He's struggling, and therapy is our only hope to help him heal."

Mason sneered, his eyes cold and calculating before moving his attention back to Will, "Therapy won't help you, Will. You're weak, always have been. You belong to me, not to some shrink."

Will swallowed hard, as he whispered, "Please, Mason. I'm begging you."

Mason's face twisted in rage, a cruel smile playing on his lips, "No, Will. You're mine to control, you are under my care and under my roof. No more extra therapy for you, especially with those little play dates with Alana, those can help you enough."

"You're the one who wanted me get better and go to therapy in the first place.." Will grumbled, a scowl on his face as he turned away from his so called husband.

Hannibal's POV

He watched as Will's face was forcibly grabbed and held by Mason, nails digging into his flesh as he bled from the grip as the so called 'alpha' spat "You're worthless, a pathetic excuse for a omega.". The genuine fear in Will's eyes as his pleading look at Mason began to falter whilst he choked out an apology to him. Hannibal remained silence, grinding his canines against each other to keep calm and to not reveal his true intentions. Hannibal wanted to do nothing more than to rip out Mason's throat with his teeth and watch him bleed out, perhaps even carve his heart out and feed it to his dearest Will, allow him to take control over him and to feed on the vile 'love' Mason provided for him. During his day-dream he had noticed Will ran off, somewhere upstairs, perhaps a bedroom? Somewhere with a lock, Will had mentioned only one room had one and that was his hideout. "Would you like me to talk to him? I could convince him to give you a genuine apology." Hannibal stated, legs crossed and hands overlapping each other on his suit trousers. It took a moment but Mason gave a gruff nod and waved away Hannibal, who maintained his neutral expression as he stood, straightened his suit and left to find Will. The decor of the house was rather.. Unique and distasteful, the constant marble on the walls, ceiling and floor which crept up the staircase just as Hannibal did, made him feel blinded by the pure light. It took a few doors, six or so, to find which one contained Will and once he knocked gently several times. Only a second later the door creaked open, revealing damp locks tangled around this specimens face which shifted to allow the older man inside.

"Will, are you alrig-.." Hannibal was abruptly interrupted by Will pushing himself against Hannibal up against the door, shutting it once again. Will grasped him by the collar and dragged him down ever so slightly so they could conjoin their lips together once more. Hannibal returned the embrace, holding Will close and wrapping his arms around his body. Once they ripped away from each other it gave Hannibal the chance to inspect the omega. Bruising littered his neck, especially around the mark which tied him to Mason. This was the first time Hannibal had been able to fully see Will's bare torso and he planned to savour every moment of it, tracing each scar and scratch with his fingers delicately, smoothing over every ounce of raised skin caused by the man downstairs. "You're magnificent." Hannibal murmured as he knelt to place kisses over Will's abdomen, "So much so that my eye is

enthralled to your shape.” He kissed against the skin, whispering sweet nothings into the flesh. “Hannibal..” Will’s hands moved to play with the man's hair, shifting it from it's neat and tidied position, “I will kill him one day.” Hannibal smiled and nipped Will’s skin, worshiping each and every part of his body before standing back up, cupping Will’s face into his hands.

“And I shall be there the moment you need me.” Hannibal murmured, softly tracing Will’s cheek with his thumb. The closeness allowed Hannibal to catch Will’s scent, that perfect aroma of arousal and pine tree.. There was something different though, something vile and grotesque still clung to his body. “What were you doing in the shower Mylimasis?”

“I was trying to get his scent off of my body. It’s said a bonded pair’s pheromones are supposed to ‘soothe’ each other y’know. I think that’s all bullshit.” Will grumbled the last part as he leaned into Hannibal’s embrace, closing his eyes and embracing the pheromones which Hannibal released, exchanging the scent of Mason for Hannibal’s. The alpha guided Will to the bath, allowing him to lean onto it as he turned on the taps.

As Will sat on the edge of the bathtub, trembling and defeated, Hannibal knelt beside him, offering a sense of calm with his piercing gaze. "Let me help you, Will," He said softly, his voice a steady reassurance in the chaos of emotions raging within his lover.

Will hesitated, his body tensed at the memory of Mason's cruel touch. "I can't shake it off, Hannibal," he mumbled, his voice tinged with despair. Hannibal reached out, his touch gentle as he began to undress the remaining wet clothing which clung to Will with careful precision.

"You don't have to do this alone," he murmured, his words a soothing balm to Will's wounded soul. As the warm water cascaded over Will's body when he slid inside the tub, washing away the physical remnants of Mason's brutality, Hannibal worked silently, his movements deliberate and caring. "You are safe now, Will," he whispered, his fingers brushing against Will's skin with tenderness. In that moment, as the water mingled with tears on Will's cheeks, he allowed himself to lean into Hannibal's embrace, finding solace in the unconditional care of the one who understood him like no other. And in the quiet of that bathroom, amidst the fading scent of cruelty, a bond stronger than fear emerged between them, offered a glimmer of hope in the darkness of Will’s life.

In the dimly lit bathroom, Hannibal sat beside Will, his eyes fixed on the troubled man before him. Will's hands trembled as he spoke, his voice barely above a whisper. "I can't take his abuse any longer, Hannibal.”

Hannibal observed with a cold curiosity, masking his true nature beneath a facade of concern. "Tell me, Will. How would you do it?" Will's gaze flickered away from the mirror which watched their actions, directly looking to Hannibal's piercing eyes. "I would lure him to a remote place, unnoticed by anyone. I would wait until darkness cloaks the surroundings like a shroud, and then..." Will's voice trailed off, his jaw clenched with determination. “I’d use my hands. It failed last time because of that fucking butler but.. But this time I’ll have him alone. I would do it slowly, make him feel the same fear he made me feel.”

Hannibal's expression remained impassive, but inside, he felt an exhilarating rush at the darkness that lay within Will. He understood the depths of Will's pain and anger, and he was

more than willing to support him in seeking retribution. "You are strong, Will," Hannibal murmured, his voice low but filled with unwavering support. "You have the fire within you to make him pay for his sins." He saw as something clicked inside Will's mind, a subtle switch in micro-expressions.

Will sat facing Hannibal, his expression filled with an unsettling mix of curiosity and trepidation. As the silence stretched between them, Will finally mustered the courage to voice the question that had been haunting him. His mind consumed by the enigma that was Hannibal. The man he had fallen for, the man who had ignited a fire within him, was shrouded in mystery. "Who exactly are you, Hannibal Lecter?" Will's voice echoed softly in the room, the weight of his words heavy in the air.

Hannibal's gaze shifted, a glint of something unreadable flickering in his eyes as he considered his response. "I am many things, Will. A man of refined tastes, a lover of the finer things in life."

Will's brow furrowed, a sense of unease creeping over him. "But who are you really? What lies beneath the facade you present to the world?"

A fleeting smile crossed Hannibal's lips, a dangerous edge to it that sent a shiver down Will's spine. "Who I am, Will, is not as important as who we are together."

"And who are we together?"

Hannibal hesitated before giving Will a warm, genuine smile, "Together, we are an embodiment of love, passion, and desire. Our connection transcends boundaries, and in each other's arms, we find solace and fulfillment. We are the epitome of a love story, bound by an unbreakable bond that defies logic and reason. Together, we create a world where love reigns supreme, and our hearts beat as one."

Will listened to Hannibal's words with a mixture of fear and fascination. The eloquence with which Hannibal spoke of their relationship sent more chills down his spine, making him question his own sanity. Despite Hannibal's dark and twisted nature, there was a strange allure in his words that Will couldn't deny. As the weight of Hannibal's proclamation settled over them, Will felt a surge of conflicting emotions. On one hand, he was repulsed by the idea of being entwined with a man so allusive and who he knew close to nothing about. On the other hand, there was a twisted sense of belonging in Hannibal's words, a feeling of being seen and understood in ways that no one else could.

"Mylimasis, I am utterly captivated by you. Every fiber of my being yearns for you with a passion that knows no bounds. I would kill for you, I would die for you."

With those words Will practically leaped at Hannibal, grabbing him and pulling him close again. Their lips met with a fierce intensity, conveying the depth of Will's burning love for Hannibal. As they finally broke apart, Will looked into Hannibal's eyes, his own filled with a mixture of desire and vulnerability. "I love you, Hannibal," Will whispered, his voice dripping with emotion.

Hannibal stared into Will's eyes, his own gaze unwavering and intense. The words whispered by Will, hung in the air like a delicate thread, binding them together in a moment fraught with emotion. Hannibal's mind raced as he processed the weight of such a confession from the man he was undeniably drawn to. With a subtle nod, Hannibal finally spoke, his voice a low and melodious whisper that carried with it a mixture of surprise and longing. "Will, my dear Will, you have opened a door within me that I thought long closed. I find myself yearning for you in ways I never dared imagine." As he reached out to gently caress Will's cheek, a rare and genuine smile played on Hannibal's lips. Their connection felt palpable, a silent agreement passing between them as Hannibal's heart stirred with a newfound sense of vulnerability and a flicker of hope. Will's words had unearthed something deep within him, something he was exhilarated to explore. “I love you more than words can wield the matter, dearer than eyesight, space and liberty.”

They stayed for a minute, allowing each other to say in each others peace and company for a moment longer before being forced to return downstairs. That silence was broken by Will, who continued to admire Hannibal from the tub. “Have you heard of true mates?”

“In occasion, it’s extraordinarily rare is it not? Not many studies have been made on it due to that fact.”

“Yeah, but apparently they’re supposed to be amazing. Y’know how when you’re.. Bonded other pheromones disgust or don’t effect you? Well with true mates their pheromones are as if they are mated.” Will stared up at the ceiling, amazement in his eyes. “I suspect that’s what we are.”

“Soulmates.” A small smile crept onto Hannibal’s lips, the idea of being Will’s true mate enthralled him. “I've pondered that possibility myself, Will. The way we understand each other's minds, the connection we share... it's quite extraordinary, isn't it. Perhaps our paths were always meant to intertwine, our souls destined to find each other in this chaotic world.”

“Like two pieces of a puzzle finally fitting together, destined to walk a path together."

“It's a rare thing to find someone who truly understands you." Hannibal and Will shared a glance, soft smiles tugging on both of their lips.

This world created them to be together, they were the apple of God’s eye.

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